

The Land of Broken Promises

By DANE COOLIDGE

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"THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS,"
"THE TEXICAN," Etc.

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A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

CHAPTER XXVII.

As the sun, after a passing storm, comes forth all the more gloriously, so the joy of their now-found friendship changed the world for Bud and Gracia. The rainbow that glowed against the retreating clouds held forth more than a promise of sunshine for them, and they conversed only of pleasant things as they rode on up the trail.

The dangers that still lay between them and the border seemed very remote now, and neither gave them a thought. There was no one in all the wide world but just these two, this man and woman who had found them.

Twenty miles ahead lay the northern pass, and from there it was ten more to Gadsden, but they spoke neither of the pass nor of Gadsden nor of who would be awaiting them there. Their talk was like that of children, inconsequential and happy. They told of the times when they had seen each other, and what they had thought; of the days of their childhood, before they had met at Fortune; of hopes and fears and thwarted ambitions and all the young dreams of life.

Bud told of his battle-scarred father and their ranch in Arizona; of his mother and horse-breaking brothers, and his wanderings through the West; Gracia of her mother, with nothing of her father, and how she had started in order to be sent to school where she could give up the upstanding Americans. Only Bud thought of the trail and scanned the horizon for rebels, but he seemed more to seek her eyes than to watch for enemies and death.

They rode on until the sun sank low and strange tracks struck their trail from the east. Bud observed that the horses were shot, and more tracks of mounted men came to beyond. He stopped sharply toward the west and followed a rocky ledge to the hills without leaving a hoof-print to mark the way of their retreat.

These heel prints brought Bud back from the land of dreams in which he had been wandering to a realization of the dangers that lurked about them. But a little way ahead was the pass they must cross, and he suddenly realized that they could not safely do so in the broad light of day. He must not take such chances of losing his now found happiness.

By the signs the land ahead was full of bandits and bandoes, men to whom human life was nothing and a woman no more sacred than a brute. At the pass all trails converged, from the north and from the south. Not by any chance could a man pass over it in the daytime without meeting some one on the way, and if the two revolutionaries once set eyes on Gracia it would take more than a nod to restrain them.

So in a sheltered ravine they sought cover until it was dark, and while Gracia slept, the heavy-headed Bud watched the plain from the heights above.

As he watched he dreamed of a home in which this woman now sleeping beside him was the queen. He dreamed of years to come with undoubted happiness throughout all of them. Thoughts of Phil and duty to his partner were far away. Nothing on the plain below served to distract him from this dream of happiness. As far as he could see there was nothing that savored of danger for the woman in his keeping. There were no sounds or signs of either federal or revolutionary troops, from both of which they were fleeing, and from both of which he must guard her. Again they were in a world that was all their own, an Eden with but one man and one woman.

For an hour and more he watched and dreamed, and with the dreams came the desire for sleep, the cry of nature for rest. Gracia stirred, then spoke softly to him, calling him by name, and her voice was as music far away.

When she awoke and found him regarding her insisted upon taking his place. Now that she had been rescued her dark eyes were bright and sparkling, but Bud could hardly see the eyes watching by night and by day had left his eyes bloodshot and swollen, with lids that drooped in spite of him. If he did not sleep now, he might die in the saddle later, or ride blindly into some rebel camp; so he made her promise to call him and lay down to rest until dark.

The stars were all out when he awoke, startled by her hand on his hair, but she reassured him with a word and led him up the hill to their lodgings. It was then that he understood her silence. In the brief hours during which he had slept the deserted country seemed suddenly to have come to life.

By daylight there had been nothing to suggest the presence of man. But now as the velvet night settled down upon the land it brought out the glimmering specks of a hundred camp-fires to the east and to the north. But the fires to which Gracia pointed were set fairly in their trail, and they barred the way to Gadsden.

"Look!" she said. "I did not want to wake you but the fires have sprung up everywhere. These last ones are right in the pass."

"When did you see them?" asked Hooker, his head still heavy with sleep. "Have they been there long?"

"No; only a few minutes," she answered. "At sundown I saw those over to the east—they are along the base

of that big black mountain—but these flashed up just now; and see, there are more, and more!"

"Some outfit coming in from the north," said Bud. "They've crossed over the pass and camped at the first water this side."

"Who do you think they are?" asked Gracia in an awed voice. "Insurgents?"

"Like as not," muttered Bud, gazing from encampment to encampment. "But who are they?" he added. "They're no friends of ours. We've got to go around them."

"And if we can't?" suggested Gracia.

"I reckon we'll have to go through them," answered Hooker grimly. "We don't want to get caught here in the morning."

"Ride right through their camp?" gasped Gracia.

"Let the contraband get to sleep," he went on, half to himself. "Then, just before the moon comes up, we'll try to edge around them, and if it comes to showdown, we'll ride for it! Are you game?"

He turned to read the answer, and she drew herself up proudly.

"Try me!" she challenged, drawing nearer to him in the darkness. And so they stood, side by side, while their hands clasped in promises. Then, as the night grew darker and no new fire appeared, Hooker saddled up the well-led horses and they pleated their way down to the trail.

The first fires were far ahead, but they proceeded at a walk, their horses' feet falling silently upon the golden ground. Not word was spoken and they halted often to listen, for others might be abroad. The distant fires were dying now, except a few whose men rose to feed them.

The draying of burros came in from the trail to the right and as the fugitives drew near the first encampment they could hear the voices of the night guards as they rode about the horse herd. Then, as they walked impatiently, the watch-fires died down, the guards no longer sang their high falsetto, and even the burros were still.

This was their opportunity. If they were to get through that line of sleeping men it must be done by stealth. Should they be discovered it would mean one man against an army to protect the woman, and the odds, great as they were, must be taken if need be.

It was approaching the hour of midnight, and as their horses twinkled restfully at the bits they gave them the rein and rode ahead at a canter.

At their left the last embers of the fires revealed the sleeping forms of men; to their right, somewhere in the darkness, was the night herd and the border. They lay low on their horses' necks, not to cast a silhouette against the sky, and let Copper Bottom pick the trail.

With ears that pricked and swivelled and delicate nostrils sniffing the Mexican trail, he plodded along through the grassywood, diriting by some to stink his master's need of care. The camp was almost behind them, and Bud had straightened up in the saddle when suddenly the watchful Copper Bottom jumped and a man rose up from the ground.

"Who goes there?" he mumbled, swaying sleepily above his gun, and Hooker reined his horse away before he gave him an answer.

"None of your business," he growled impatiently. "I am going to the pass." And as the sentry stood stupidly after him he rode on through the bushes, neither hurrying nor halting until he gained the trail.

"Good luck!" he observed to Gracia, when the camp was far behind. "He took me for an officer and never saw you at all."

"No, I dappened myself on my pony," answered Gracia with a laugh. "He thought you were leading a pack-horse."

"Good," chuckled Hooker; "you did fine! Now, don't say another word—because they'll notice a woman's voice—and if we don't run into some more of them we'll soon be climbing the pass."

They had passed through some perilous moments, but Gracia had hardly realized the danger because of the assurance of Hooker, who was careful not to frighten her unnecessarily. But it was an assurance which he had not felt himself, and he was not yet certain of their safety.

The wan moon came out as they left the wide valley behind them, and then it disappeared again as they rode into the gloomy shadows of the canyon. For an hour or two they plodded slowly upward, passing through narrow ledges and into moonlit spaces, and still they did not mount the summit.

In the east the dawn began to break and they spurred on in almost a panic. The Mexican palanque count themselves into if they do not take the trail at sumpt—what if they should meet some straggling party before they reached the pass?

Bud jumped Copper Bottom up a series of cat steps; Gracia's rein came scrambling behind him and then, just as the boxed walls ended and they gained a level spot, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a camp of Mexicans—men, saddle-bags, packs, and rifles all scattered at their feet.

"Buenos días!" saluted Bud, as the blinking men rose up from their blankets. "Excuse me, amigos, I am in a hurry!"

"A donde va? A donde va?"

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of that big black mountain—but these flashed up just now; and see, there are more, and more!"

"To the pass, señor," answered Hooker, still politely, but motioning for Gracia to ride on ahead. "Adios!"

"Who is that man?" bellowed the bearded leader, turning furiously upon his followers. "Where is my son?"

"Stop him!"

"But it was too late to stop him. Bud laid his quiet across the rump of the horse and spurred forward in a dash for cover. They whirled around the point of a hill as the first scattered shots rang out; and as a frightened sentinel jumped up in their path Bud rode him down. The man dropped his gun to escape the fury of the charge and in a mad clatter they flung themselves at a rock-slide and scrambled to the perch above. The path was rocky, but they pressed forward at a gallop until, as the sun came up, they beheld the summit of the pass.

"We're!" cried Bud, as he spurred up the last incline.

As he looked over the top he exploded in an oath and jerked Copper Bottom back on his haunches. The leader of a long line of horsemen was just coming up the other side—there was no escape—and then back at the frightened girl.

"Keep behind me," he commanded, "and don't shoot. I'm going to hold em up!"

Bud jumped his horse out to one side and landed squarely on the rim of the ridge. Gracia drew her horse in behind him and reached for the pistol in her holster; then both together they drew their guns and Bud threw down, on the first man.

"Go on!" he ordered, motioning him forward with his head; "pro-pronto!" He jerked out his rifle with his left hand and laid it across his lap.

"Hurry up now," he urged, as the startled Mexican halted. "Go on and keep a going, and the first man that makes a break I'll shoot him full of holes!"

He sat like a statue on his shivering horse, his six-shooter balanced to shoot, and something in his very presence—the bulk of his body, the forward thrust of his head, and the burning hate of his eyes—quelled the spirits of the rebels. They were a ragtag army, mounted on horses and donkeys and mules, and with arms of every known make.

It was just such an army as was overrunning all northern Mexico, such an army as had been laying tribute on the land for a century. They spread terror throughout all that great country south of the American border.

The fiery glances of the American made them cringe as they had always cringed before their masters, and their voices turned their blood to water. He towered above them like a giant, pouring forth a torrent of oaths and barking them on their way, and the leader was the first to yield.

With hand half-raised and jaw on his breast he struck spurs to his frightened mule and went dashing over the ridge.

The others followed by twos and threes, some shrinking, some protesting, some gaoling birth villainously from beneath their broad hats. As they looked back he whirled upon them and swore he would kill the first man that dared to turn his head.

After all, they were a generation of slaves, those low-browed, unthanking peons, and war had not made them braver. They passed on, the whole line of brawled soldiers, looking in vain for the man that were behind the American, staring blankly at the beautiful woman who sat so courageously by his side.

They were less than a mile from the line, but the rurales had foreseen their rush in dropping into the gulch and had turned at the same time to intercept them. They were pushing their fresh horses to the utmost now across the open prairie, and as the men lagged and faltered to his stride Bud could see that the rues were lost.

"Hold for that monument!" he called to Gracia, pointing toward one of the international markers as he faced their pursuers. "You'll make it—they won't shoot a woman!"

He reached for his gun as he spoke.

"No, no!" she cried. "Don't you stop! If you do I will! Come on!" she entreated, checking her horse to wait for him. "You ride behind me—they won't dare shoot at us then!"

Bud laughed shortly and wheeled in behind her, returning his gun to its scabbard.

"All right," he said. "We'll ride it out together then!"

He laid the quiet to the road. In the whirl of racing bushes a white man mounted dashed up suddenly before them. The rurales were within pistol-shot and whipping like mad to head them off.

Another figure came flying along the line, a horseman, waving his hands and motioning. Then, riding side by side, they broke across the boundary with the bawled rurales yelling savagely at their heels.

"Keep a going!" prompted Hooker, as Gracia leaned back to check her horse; "down into the gulch where the rurales are liable to shoot yet!"

The final dash brought them to cover, but as Bud leaped down and took Gracia in his arms the road spread his feet, trembled, and dropped blearily to the ground.

"He'll be all right," soothed Bud, as Gracia still clung to his arm. Then, as he saw her gaze fixed beyond him, he turned and beheld Philip De Lancey.

It was the same Philip, the same man Bud had called pardner, and yet when Hooker saw him there he stiffened and his face grew hard.

"Well," he said, "why not detaching Gracia's fingers and putting her hand away."

As Philip ran forward to greet them he stepped suddenly off to one side. What they said he did not know, for his mind was suddenly a blank; but when Philip rushed over and wrung his hand back to earth with a start.

"Bud!" cried Philip exultantly. "How can I ever thank you enough! You brought her back to me, didn't you old man? Thank God you're safe!"

"I've been watching for you with glasses ever since I heard you had started! I knew you would do it, pardner; you're the best friend a man ever had! But—say, come over here a minute—I want to speak to you."

He led Hooker off to one side, while Gracia watched them with jealous eyes, and lowered his voice as he spoke.

"It was awful good of you, Bud," he whispered. "But I'm afraid you've got in bed! The whole town is crazy about Old Aragon came up on the first train and now they're wired that you killed Del Rey. By Jove, Bud, wasn't

that pulling it a little strong? Captain of the rurales, you know—the whole Mexican government is behind him—and Aragon wants you for kidnap!"

"What's that?" demanded Gracia, as she heard her own name spoken.

"Bud looked at Phil, who was at a loss for words, and then he answered slowly.

"Your father is down at the station," he said, "looking for you."

"Well, he can't have me!" cried Gracia defiantly. "I'm across the line now! I'm free! I can do what I please!"

"But that's the immigration office," interposed Phil pacifically. "You will have to go there—and your father has already you were kidnapped!"

"Hah! Kidnapped!" laughed Gracia, who had suddenly recovered her spirits. "And by whom?"

"Well—by Bud here," answered De Lancey hesitatingly.

Gracia turned as he spoke and surveyed Hooker with a mocking smile. Then she laughed again.

"Never mind," she said. "I'll fix that. I'll tell them that I kidnapped him!"

"No, but seriously!" protested De Lancey, as Bud chuckled hoarsely. "You can't cross the line without being passed by the inspectors, and—well, your father is there to get you back!"

"But I will not go!" sang back Gracia.

"Oh, my dear girl!" cried De Lancey, frowning in his perplexity, "you don't understand, and you make it awful for me. You know they're very strict now—so many law-women coming across the line, for—well, the fact is, unless you're married you can't come in at all!"

"But I'm not!" protested Gracia flushed hotly.

"They'll deport you," said De Lancey, stepping forward to give her support.

"I know it's hard, dear," he went on, as Bud moved hastily away, "but I've got it all arranged. Why should we wait? You came to marry me, didn't you? Well, you must do it now—right away! I've got the license and the priest all waiting—come on before the rurales get back to town and report that you've crossed the line. We can ride around to the north and come in at the other side of town. Then we're."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Gracia, pushing him impulsively aside. "I can't ready now. And—"

She paused and glanced at Bud.

"Mr. Hooker," she began, walking gently toward him, "what will you do now?"

"I don't know," answered Hooker huskily.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STOMACH.

Upon the Condition Depends

Happiness or Misery.

Perhaps one of the most frequent

symptoms of the stomach is constipation

of the bowels, or indigestion con-

stant.

When you feel just so sickly

in your stomach that nature is

about to seize it, and usually resort

to some violent physick, while

giving you some relief, acts so sud-

denly on the parts affected as to shock

and weaken them.

THE BOWELS, like a baby horse,

work properly but are

and gradually urged to perform their

duty.

The stomach action of that great

physick and just medicines, Dr.

David Kennedy's FAVORITE

MEDICINE, is gentle and safe,

yet

is relief immediate and effective.

It is of importance to every in-

dividual to use a proper remedy for

CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS.

The thousands of grateful testimonials,

both sexes, who have been com-

pletely cured by Dr. David Kennedy's

Javello Remedy, is the best evidence of

the POWER AND MERIT of this

wonderful medicine.

Druggists sell it in New England and

the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottles, enough for first, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Woonsocket, R. I.

Dr. David Kennedy's Best Remedy

Cure for Constipation.

Dr. David Kennedy's Best Remedy

Established by Franklin in 1776.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, September 12, 1914.

Cheer up. Foster says we are going to have a lot of hot weather yet.

For a time it will be difficult to tell whether white hose is being worn from choice or necessity.

The now Pope has already turned his efforts to promoting peace among the nations of Europe. No ecclesiastic, of whatever rank or faith, could have a higher aim.

Emperor William regrets the destruction of Louvain, but nothing is heard about the punishment of his officers who were responsible for the wanton outrage.

When revenues under a miserable pretense of a Democratic tariff are falling fast, how ready it is to resort to an internal revenue tax and lay it to European war.

The United States postoffice has refused to recognize the Mexican constitutional postage stamps as legal and no mail bearing these stamps will be delivered unless the postage due stamp is attached and collected. Why not put on the stamps a picture of Wilson's pet bandit, Villa? They ought to go then.

Perry Day passed almost unnoticed in Newport. The Sons of the Revolution were wise in adopting this date for their annual banquet, even though their society was formed for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of Revolutionary heroes. No patriotic society could go wrong in celebrating the anniversary of the great battle won by Newport's favorite son.

With the first canvassing of the voting lists comes the reminder that the fall campaign is practically upon us. This will be the first real political campaign for two years, and it will apparently start unusually early for the reason that the Republican conventions have been set for early October. It should be a year of sweeping Republican victories all over the country.

The loss of life already in this European struggle is beyond measure. Good authority puts the loss to France alone of over 100,000. The French loss is doubtless much smaller than that of Germany or Austria. Add to all this the losses sustained by England, Belgium, Russia and Serbia, and you have a number that appalls the mind. It must certainly foot up nearly if not quite one million.

In the next issue of the Mercury there will be begun the publication in serial form, of one of the most stirring and dramatic war stories ever written, "The Last Shot." It is particularly appropriate and interesting at this time, as it deals with a war in Europe, written by one of the leading novel writers of the time. Don't miss the opening installments which will be published in the issue for next week.

It is going to be mighty hard for the Democratic administration to fool the people into believing that the increased internal revenue tax is wholly due to the exigencies of war. The free trade policies of the government have been wholly discredited both as a means of reducing the cost of the living and as a revenue producer, and the party that supported that policy will have to bear the burden at election time.

The reports from the seat of war in France seem to indicate that the German advance has been repulsed. Whether this is an actual victory for the Allies remains to be seen. Heretofore there have been many reports of great victories for the Allies, followed by the advance of the Germans a few miles further toward Paris. However, it appears that the Germans are now really retreating, and unless they meet with marked success in the immediate future, it is probable that they have reached high water mark in their advance on Paris. It appears certain that the German plan of campaign at the outbreak of the war was to strike a crushing blow at France before the slower mobilization of that nation could be effected. France once crushed, Germany would be free to meet the attack of the Russians on the East, fighting on even terms. But this programme was upset by the unexpected resistance encountered in Belgium, when the first army of invasion headed for Paris was held until the French troops were ready for battle. Great Britain also, became an unexpected factor in the war, preventing the use of the German navy for bombarding the seaports of France. Consequently Germany finds herself in a very different position from what she expected when this period in the war should be reached. Confronted in France by a powerful army of French and British troops, strongly entrenched in a battle line of their own choosing, threatened in the rear by a force of British, Russian and Belgian soldiers; and seeing the irresistible Russian main army pouring down upon her from the East with the avowed purpose of taking Berlin, the German emperor must well feel that the situation for his country is perilous in the extreme. The next few weeks must bring a crisis in German affairs.

Historical Pageant of Warren.

The Pageant, to be given at Warren, R. I. on the afternoons of October 9, 10, and 12, is well under way. The leading parts have been assigned and the various episodes carefully planned.

The Pageant promises to be of very general interest. The principal characters include nearly twenty whose names have a world-wide fame. Among them may be mentioned Massasoit, Canoncous, King Philip, Edward Winslow, Myles Standish, John Alden, Roger Williams, Captain Benjamin Church, General Washington, General Lafayette, and Oliver Hazard Perry, all of whom were during their lives connected with the history of Warren.

The episodes will present scenes from the Indian, Revolutionary, and maritime history of the town. Some of the most picturesque will depict the visit of the Pilgrim to Sowams to procure seed corn of Massasoit, the destruction of Sowams during King Philip's War.

The first commencement of Rhode Island College (now Brown University) in 1769, the raid of Warren by British and Hessian troops in 1778, and the launching of the U. S. frigate General Greene, the vessel on which Oliver Hazard Perry made his first cruise as a midshipman.

The Warren Pageant will celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the First Church and of Rhode Island College, and also, the transfer of the town from Massachusetts to Rhode Island. It will be under the direction of Miss Margaret McLaren Eager, who has conducted numerous similar entertainments, among them being the recent very successful Pageant at Utica, N. Y.

The Plight of the Moose.

(New York Times.)

In the freedom of the forest no bull moose ever had to stand up for three hours and take a talking to from a chattering chipmunk. Furthermore, no chipmunk ever had the staggering audacity to send his friends to a moose conference with instructions to bag the entire outfit and bring them back tamed and obedient to the chipmunk will. Discarding the faunal simile, this is precisely what is happening in Bull Moose circles. William Sulzer went to Oyster Bay and laid down the law to Col. Roosevelt. The thing is incredible, it is impossible, but it happened. The Colonel had to listen to a demonstrator that Sulzer was the only possible candidate for the Progressives. The flutest heart that ever beat in a human bosom must be moved to pity when the Progressive chieftain is brought to this low estate, and is so put to it that he feels it necessary to lend ear for three hours to William Sulzer—"the same old bill."

The Democrats in 1872 were in a desperate plight. They had to take Horace Greeley as their candidate because the Liberal Republicans, most of whose leaders wanted Charles Francis Adams, had been cajoled into the nomination of Greeley. The dose was all jalap. The party was in gastric convulsions throughout the campaign. But that was easy and compare with the throes which would rend the Progressive body if Sulzer should accomplish his malign end. For ourselves we sincerely hope he will accomplish it—it would be such fun, and in these grim times a little relaxation is needed.

The Colonel's luck is frightful. The Progressive vote has been approaching the disappearing point, the Colonel sees that his party is going to pieces. He was a wise politician when he turned to Hinman for salvation. But Hinman wouldn't have him, and his party wouldn't have Hinman. Now they are desperately casting about for a candidate, and they feel, the primary law to the contrary notwithstanding, that they must designate some eligible person for fear that the unenrolled voters left to their own emotions may nominate Sulzer. It is a perfectly sickening situation.

A Blow at New England.

Leslie's Weekly says: Six hundred thousand! That is the number of men and women in New England interested directly in the affairs of the New Haven, the railroad singled out for persecution under guise of prosecution.

"Taking 86 cities and towns in Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the official figures show that there was expended by the New Haven during nine years ended June 30, 1912, a total of \$142,455,651 for salaries and wages in these communities.

In this list there are 14 towns and cities in Connecticut that have received \$76,067,124; 18 in Massachusetts with \$44,056,669, and four in Rhode Island with \$22,831,857. There can be no dispute as to just what the above figures mean to New England and her prosperity. The New Haven is undoubtedly the largest employer of labor in the northeastern section of the country, and it pays more for labor than any other enterprise."

Newport is one of the towns in Rhode Island that has been badly hurt by this prosecution of a New England railroad.

A Little Premature.

The Hamburger Nachrichten, Bismarck's old paper, editorially declares: "We have taken the field against Russia and France, but at the bottom it is England we are fighting everywhere. It is from England we must wring the uttermost price for this gigantic struggle, however dearly the others may have to pay for the help they have given her." It would be well to capture England before levying tribute.

The censors are generous to Richard Harding Davis. They let him send as many chapters of his autobiography as he pleases.

Perhaps it was merely French courtesy in that proclamation to talk more about the allies than about the French Army and Navy.

The Holland hotels seem to be charging the tourists the same kind of rates convention delegates have to pay in some cities in the United States.

In a Dilemma.

Southern free traders with a bumper cotton crop on their hands are frantic over conditions confronting them. They never cared anything for the home market. They sold all we have to do is to export our cotton for which the world craves. They always opposed encouragement of American shipping. Recently a majority in voting for the repeal of the free tolls further discouraged American shipping.

They have recently, through the Underwood tariff law, closed many cotton mills in the North or reduced the hours and wages of the employees and discouraged the building of other mills. Now they find themselves confronted with a great foreign war. There is no adequate means to carry their cotton to Europe.

They have succeeded in destroying the purchase power of the American people and therefore stand to lose multiplied millions on their 1914 cotton crop. And yet, these are the men who stand at the head as well as furnish the majority of members for the great legislative committees of the House and Senate.

The South will have an object lesson which may teach it that the busy mills of New England are better than the unreachable market "beyond the seas," of which the majority spoke so encouragingly in reporting the Underwood tariff bill.

For Lasting Peace.

Frank A. Vanderlip, president of National City Bank says: "We all want - we all pray for peace. But we must demand that peace be restored on a basis and on terms that will preclude possibility of a recurrence of this horror. There must never be another such world calamity. With peace must come an assurance of a continuation of peace. Simply to stop hostilities means little at this stage of affairs. Even if more blood is shed; even if further cruelties are perpetrated, this righteous thing must go on until peace can be restored on the grounds I have mentioned."

Washington Correspondence.

Washington, September 10—Now that the Democratic primaries in the South are over, the Democratic Congressmen are beginning to look forward to fall elections. They are finding little consolation. There are large chunks of gloom these days in the Democratic Cloak Room of the House of Representatives, where Democrats sit around and tell one another the truth about the situation back home.

The autocratic domination of President Wilson in forcing through legislation he thought the country wanted, but which has proven highly unpopular with the people, has added to Democratic discouragement. The Underwood tariff has torn up business generally. The blow at American interests through the canal tolls legislation is another unpopular act. The proposal to apologize to Colombia and pay her \$25,000,000 has not set well with the American people generally. The breaking of platform pledges by the disruption of the merit system by providing \$4,000,000 to reward Democratic henchmen for political work is another thing that has set the people back home.

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The result of all this is heavy disaffection among the Democratic ranks. Coupled with this, is the terrific Bull Moose stamping the country over. There has not been a primary, a bye-election, or a registration that has not shown that the Bull Moose party has gone all to pieces. For instance, Ohio, which gave the head of the Progressive Party ticket 222,829 voted two years ago, gave Garfield, the Progressive candidate for Governor, only 8,187 in the primaries the other day. This is less than one twenty-sixth of the vote cast two years ago.

The Democrats know very well the Progressives are going back to the Republican Party. They also know disgruntled Democrats are going to vote where their votes will have the greatest force. That means they will vote the Republican ticket. So it is these facts that have thrown such a scare into the Democrats. It is "a condition, not a theory" that confronts them.

The people generally know by the feel of things there is trouble ahead for the Democratic Party. Democratic Congressmen themselves have this "bunch", but what makes it worse is that they are now hearing from their constituents who are writing letters in no uncertain terms. To make it still worse, the Democrats in Congress have been doing a little figuring on what actually happened two years ago. They know many Democrats were elected to Congress wholly through Republicans who voted with the Bull Moose and also that many other Democrats were elected by disgruntled Republicans who voted the straight Democratic ticket to make their protest more effective. But this year it is on the other foot. Hence the gloom.

For instance, the present House of Representatives is made up of 435 members. Of these, 289 are Democrats; 129 are Republicans; 16 are Progressives; 1 is an "Independent" Mr. Kent of California. There is also Mr. Kindel of Colorado, who formally left the Democratic Party, a short time ago, and one vacancy, Mr. McDermott, of Illinois, the Democrat whose resignation was the net result of the Democratic lobby investigation. If the Democratic Party loses 72 members in the fall elections, it will be ousted from power in the House of Representatives. The Republican and Progressive Party vote combined, two years ago, was greater than that of Democratic Congressmen elected in 79 districts. In fourteen congressional districts, Democratic Congressmen were elected by majorities of less than a thousand votes.

It is these facts, together with the big swing of Progressives back to the Republican ranks and the widespread dissatisfaction over legislation enacted by the Democratic Congress, that is causing the gloom that pervades the Democratic Cloakroom.

The censors are generous to Richard Harding Davis. They let him send as many chapters of his autobiography as he pleases.

Perhaps it was merely French courtesy in that proclamation to talk more about the allies than about the French Army and Navy.

The Holland hotels seem to be charging the tourists the same kind of rates convention delegates have to pay in some cities in the United States.

K AEROPLANE FLIGHTS

BOSTON

SEPT.

1914

TUES., SEPT. 8, THE DAY TO EXHIBITS

WED., SEPT. 9, SPEAKERS OF NATIONAL FAIR

THURS., SEPT. 10, GOVERNOR'S DAY

FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, CHILDREN'S DAY

ALL CHILDREN UNDER 16 YEARS ADMITTED FREE

FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, STATE FIREMEN'S MUSTER

EXHIBITIONS

IN FRONT OF GRAND STAND

FREE VAUDEVILLE

ENTERTAINMENT 8:00 P.M.

FAST RACING

Every Afternoon—Speedy Track

INCREASED PURSES AND PREMIUMS

ADMISSION 80 CENTS

CORONATION OF BENEDICT XV

European War Causes Curtailment of Usual Pomp

SIXTY CARDINALS PARTICIPATE

High Dignitaries of Papal Court, Patriarchs, Archbishops, Oriental Bishops and Roman Aristocracy Present at Ceremony—Pontiff Receives Three American Cardinals

The coronation of Pope Benedict XV, took place in the Sistine chapel at Rome. The ceremony was suspending in its solemnity. The Sistine chapel was used for the occasion in order to avoid pomp during the war that is in progress. The entire pontifical court, members of the Roman aristocracy and the family of the pontiff were present.



The scene with Pope Benedict seated in the sofa, gaudy chair, preceded by the bearers of the triple crown and flanked by the bearers of the celebrated feather fan and sixty cardinals in their full vestments, was a striking one.

The entire armed corps of the holy see saluted the passage of the procession, which was formed in the pope's apartments, and then proceeded to the Pauline chapel, where the adoration of the holy sacrament was celebrated. In the procession were high dignitaries of the papal court, patriarchs, archbishops and oriental bishops.

From the Pauline chapel the procession moved to the Sistine chapel, where a mass was said. After the indulgence the sub-deacon placed the mappen on the arm of the pope, who sat down while the cardinals of the diocese of Rome recited the coronation prayer.

The pope then mounted the altar and a cardinal placed the pallium on his shoulders. At this moment Benedict XV received the last adoration of the cardinals, bishops and abbots. Then he read the introit, intoned the Gloria, and resumed his seat on the throne.

Later in the day Pope Benedict received successively in private audience Cardinals Gibbons, Farley and O'Connell, who presented their suites and some American friends to the pontiff.

GATES FOR GOVERNOR

Nominated by Vermont Republicans on the Second Ballot

Charles W. Gates was nominated for governor by Vermont Republicans at the state convention. Gates won on the second ballot, when he obtained six more than a majority of the votes.

The remainder of the ticket nominated was as follows: Lieutenant Governor, Hale K. Darling; secretary of state, Guy W. Baller; auditor of accounts, H. F. Graham; treasurer, Walter Scott; attorney general, Herbert G. Barker; United States senator, William P. Dillingham.

The convention adopted a platform which indorsed the Republican policy of tariff legislation and favored direct primaries, the extension of state highways and women suffrage.

FORTUNES FOR FARMERS

Five Leading Crops This Year Valued at More Than \$4,000,000,000

This is the golden year for the American farmer. His five leading crops for 1914 were worth \$4,851,000,000 on Sept. 1, leading Chicago grain men estimate, using the government's crop report as a basis.

This is \$62,000,000 more than the farmer received last year for the same five crops—wheat, corn, oats, barley and hay—and foresees the richest returns to the soil tillers in the history of the United States.

Eventually, the grain men point out, this more than \$4,000,000,000 in "farm property" must trickle through until general business conditions reflect the increase in crop values.



122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1811.

He is a Comptroller of Deeds for the

Principal State and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country

GERMANS NOT GIVEN TIME FOR A HALT

Driven Back Thirty-Seven Miles Since Great Battle Began

BRITISH MAIN FORCE CROSSES THE MARNE

Invaders Fall to Dislodge French Gunners—Kaiser's Troops Steadily Forced Over Ground They Had Won After Desperate Battling—Retreat of Right Wing Approaching Paris—French Slowly Throwing Troops Forward Toward Alsace—What May Prove to Be Decisive Battle Is Still Raging—Belgians Assume Offensive and Drive Germans Back to Louvain

Further out of range of the great guns of Paris retreated the German right wing.

No time to halt and gather breath was given the exhausted enemy. The Germans are now twelve miles behind their positions of Wednesday, thirty-seven miles in the rear of the places that they held when the great battle that is still raging was begun.

The British main force had no trouble in crossing the Marne, an indication that the German right was either too weakened for effective resistance, or that the lines of communication were so demoralized by the retreat that it was impossible for the army to halt. It is probable that both reasons may have had something to do with the speed of the kaiser's columns.

In the centre of the great battle lines, the violent and persistent charges of the enemy were unable to dislodge the French gunners from the heights where they had so placed their artillery that the charges seemed almost suicidal.

Prussian Guard Repulsed

It is here that the Germans have mustered their greatest strength, summoning to their aid thousands of troops from the severely harassed right wing, the cavalry of which enjoyed a fleeting but irritating glimpse of the suburbs of Paris.

The famous Prussian Guard, engaged to retrieve the laurels lost by the invaders during the past four days, charged brilliantly, but even this force, the flower of the German army, was unable to pierce the French lines.

The only place where the Germans made any gains were on the road leading to Nancy, where the kaiser is personally spurring on his troops. This advantage was neutralized by a corresponding French advance into the forest of Champonoux.

French Again in Alsace

Further south, the withdrawal of German and Austrian troops to try to hold back the great Russian tidal wave resulted in a movement of the French into Alsatian territory, from which they were dislodged early in the war. It now seems probable that Mulhouse may again fly the tricolor, the third time within little more than a month.

The fighting Thursday between the French and British on the left wing of the allies against the much depleted ranks of the enemy was not so intensely bitter as it has been in the last few days. The French were able to move ahead without much opposition, and the British, although the Germans turned again and again in their retreat, drove on more rapidly even than they retreated last week.

Nowhere is the feeling among the allies so cheerful as on this left wing. The troops, although realizing that they had been beaten back by superior numbers, never relished the constant necessity of holding positions only long enough to protect a further retreat. Now that they have the Germans in the same position they can hardly be restrained by their officers. Fatigue seems to have been banished and the men are eager to charge all day long.

Gain of Twelve Miles

Thursday the British dashed ahead after the retreating Germans until they had gained twelve miles over Wednesday's battleground. Places that figured in the news of last week are beginning to come back into the dispatches as the Germans are forced back over the ground that they had won after such desperate battling. The British reached La Ferte-sous-Jouarre, Châlry and Château-Thierry.

The invaders, in this part of the great battleground, appear to be making almost frantic efforts to reach Reims and Epernay. The German centre is also, but much more slowly, moving toward Reims, so that it seems possible that the contraction of the lines may result in a massing of hundreds of thousands of soldiers at Reims. Here the Germans will hold a far better position for battling, although the advantage in higher ground will hardly compensate for the generalization that appears to be creeping insidiously into the German right wing.

Germans Sacrifice Thousands

The battle raged about Vitry-le-François Thursday, in the centre of the battleground, almost without any appreciable change in the situation.

In this it must be regarded as a French success, as the Germans have sacrificed thousands of men in trying to drive the French from the commanding heights. The retreat of the German right wing is now approaching Paris, and it continues the invading forces that Vitry must fall back to Reims to protect their flank from attack.

The Germans were able to hold

MINISTER YON JAGOW.

Split With Kaiser Is Said to Have Given Rise To Resignation Rumors.



perial Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollweg and Minister of Foreign Affairs Von Jagow.

The correspondent says the kaiser blames them for England's participation in the war, which came as a complete surprise to him, and also for Italy's failure to live up to her treaty obligations. The kaiser is declared to have told them that when it was most needed German diplomacy had failed the German people. The correspondent adds that both statesmen have tendered their resignations.

BRITISH CRUISER SUNK

Second to Be Blown Up by Mine in the North Sea

The light cruiser Pathfinder, of the British navy, has been blown up by a mine in the North sea. The loss of life is not definitely known. Paymaster Finch was killed and Commander Leake was wounded. Six junior officers and two petty officers are missing.

The Pathfinder is the second British cruiser to be blown up by mines in the North sea. She was of 2940 tons and carried a complement of 268 men. She was commissioned at Portsmouth in October, 1913, and was attached to the English fleet.

PEACE PRAYER DAY

President Wilson Designates Oct. 4 as Day of Supplication

Washington, Sept. 8.—President Wilson designated Sunday, Oct. 4, as the day of prayer in the United States for peace in Europe.

The proclamation requests all God-fearing persons "to repair on that day to their places of worship, there to unite their petitions to Almighty God that, overruling the counsel of man, setting straight the things they cannot govern or alter, taking pity on the nations now in the throes of conflict, in His mercy and goodness showing the way where men can see none, He垂下 His children holding peace again and restore once more that concord among men and nations without which there can be neither happiness nor true friendship nor any wholesome fruit of toil or thought in the world; praying also to the end that He forgive us our sins, our ignorance of His will, our wilfulness and many errors and lead in the paths of obedience to places of vision and to thoughts and counsels that purge and make wise."

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE

The German governor has ordered

the people of Liege to remain indoors;

and this is construed as indicating

that a general movement of German

troops toward the frontier from

France and Belgium has begun.

Serious invasion of Austria by three

armies under command of the crown

prince has begun.

Louvain reports that priceless

works of art were destroyed by the

Germans there, namely "the Descent

from the Cross," "The Last Supper"

and the fifteenth century screen entitl

"The Martyrdom of St. Bras-

mus."

The British cruiser Glory arrived

at Halifax with the Spanish steamer

Montserrat, on which were 160 men

said to be Austrian and German re-

scavists, in tow. The Montserrat

sailed from New York Sept. 6 for

Barcelona, Cadiz and Genoa.

Bordeaux, the temporary capital

of France, is filled with refugees

from the north, whose care is seri-

ously troubling the government.

The department of the interior,

which is in general charge of all re-

lief work, is so congested that there

is much suffering among the refugees

and little chance of speedy relief.

The index continues.

Crowded with 1670 refugees from

the European war zone, the Cunard

liner Lusitania docked in Boston.

She looked like a United States war-

ship since the war began.

The upper half of the liner was

painted gray and at a short distance

she looked like a United States war-

ship.

The danger of serious reprisals at

the hands of the German army as the

result of the killing of one officer and

the wounding of another by a machine

gun contingent at Ghent after the

burgomaster had arranged to prevent

the occupation of the town in force

has been averred.

The German right wing has been

weakened, but merely, it appears, to

strengthen the centre. From the

north of France, overrun with Ger-

mans a week ago, and from Belgium,

many thousands of troops are re-

ported to have been sent to Rheims and

Châlons-sur-Marne and thence to the

front near Vitry.

Fighting in Belgium

The weakening of the forces of the

invaders in Belgium has again caused

renewed fighting there. The little

army cooped up in Antwerp has been

winning back much of its lost terri-

tory. Aarschot was occupied, the

small German garrison having been

driven out.

It is said that the Antwerp forces

struck hard and suddenly at the

invaders camped not far from the city

and drove them back to ruined Lou-

ain. Further toward the south a Bel-

gian retreat at Cordeghem is of-

ficially made known at Berlin.

ALLIES SIGN COMPACT

All Three Nations Must Consent Before Peace Can Be Made

"All for one; one for all" is the gis

of the latest pact between members of

the triple entente. By this new

pact, signed at London by repre-

sentatives of the British, French and

Russian governments, they agree that

peace shall not be concluded sepa-

rately during the present war by

any one of the allies and that no one

of the allies will demand conditions of

peace without the previous agree-

ment of the others.

As a result of this agreement there

will be no rest for the kaiser even in

event of the capture of Paris and the

defeat of the allied armies in France.

He cannot treat for peace with them

as long as the czar's forces still men-

ace from the north.

BREAK WITH THE KAISER

His Chief Statesmen Blamed For Rup-

ture of Diplomacy

The Berlin correspondent of the

Rome newspaper Messaggero wires

that the kaiser has broken with im-

PRAYERS FOR PEACE

Urged in the First Official Utterance of Pope Benedict

Pope Benedict XV. issued an encyclical on the war which is his first

official utterance since his election.

The encyclical appeals to all Roman

Catholics to join with him in sorrow

for the war and in his prayers for the

cessation of the scourge of God's an-

ger at the sad spectacle.

The pope exhorts the various gov-

ernments to set an example of moder-

ation and to strive for the return of

peace. The pope says, in conclusion,

that this first utterance of his since

mounting the papal throne is a repe-

ition of the wish of his predecessor,

Pope Pius X.

Site of Rat Killa Baby

The 2-day-old baby boy of Mrs.

ARABIAN JUSTICE.

A Distant Problem the Devil Had No Trouble in Solving.

Two Arabs stopped at an oasis to have luncheon. One had three dates, and the other had one, which they were to eat together. Presently a stranger came up and asked permission to share their meal, which they cheerfully granted. After all had eaten the stranger thanked them for the food they had given him, left eight dates and rode away.

The Arab who had the three dates said, "Here is 8 dates for eight dates—I debt for each date; therefore three dates are mine." But the other Arab argued differently and contended that he should have seven dates and the first man one. The case was referred to the call of the highest town, who upheld the second man's contention. This is the way he reached his decision!

The three men divided eight dates. There were two and two-thirds for each, or eight-thirds. The first Arab had three dates, so he contributed nine-thirds to the whole, but he ate eight-thirds himself, so he gave only one-third of a date to the stranger. The second Arab contributed five dates, of sixteen-thirds; he ate eight-thirds himself and gave seven-thirds to the stranger.

So reasoned the devil, and he gave the first Arab 1 date and the second 7 dates.—*YOUTH'S COMPANION*.

TWO CROPS AT ONCE.

Tree Agriculture an Old Story on the Island of Majorca.

Approximately one-tenth of the arable area of Majorca, one of the Spanish Islands in the Mediterranean, is planted out to crop yielding trees. That makes one story agriculture. Then beneath the trees grain is grown. That makes the second story, which may properly be likened to the cyclopean cellar.

For miles and miles in every direction that beautiful island is covered with blossoming orchards of almonds, olives, figs and carobs, with occasional grafted tree trees, the sweet fruits of which are prized as highly as the chestnut.

This tree agriculture is nothing new, for many of these orchards are of the known age, and some of them give evidence of having been generations of men, tree, dig a while and die before Columbus sailed past on his way from Genoa to Hispaniola, and throughout all the years that the white race has striven in America these same old olive and carob trees have been standing there, handing down their harvests of fruit and seeds to the men who raised other crops at their feet—crops of wheat, oats, barley, beans and peas. From "Two Story Farming," by J. Hassell Smith, in *Century*.

Make Appearances Count.

A good appearance is always an entering wedge when a man seeks an interview, but all the clothes in a king's wardrobe won't sell a bill of goods. It takes human intelligence to do that. Vanity sometimes lends a fellow to bedeck his person like a five storied wedding cake, and some men do it, I suppose, because they believe in the foolish aphorism that "clothes make the man." It's the other way. Man makes the clothes, and just as often clothes unmake the man. Fine feathers may make fine birds, fine hats or fine dusters, but the fact that fine clothes ever did was to make fine looking men. No doctor ever prescribes for himself, and by the same token you'll notice that the men who own the clothes foundries don't wear their own styles—not publicly, at any rate. —Maurice Switzer in *Leslie's*.

Sawing the Wood.

It was only on rare occasions that Mrs. Cutler, a kind faced old lady, accepted invitations to dine out. Upon repeated invitations of her friends, the Joslins, however, she consented to attend a little informal dinner they were giving, accompanied by her daughter.

"Mother, dear, why are you so quiet?"

"I'm all right," responded mother, with a sunny smile. "While you talk, Mabel, I say nothing and saw wood."—*Buffalo Express*.

Fully Explained.

The colored son of a wealthy church had a very stylish mulatto wife. Finding his domestic income not quite equal to his expenses, he decided to apply for an increase in salary. So he wrote a letter to the committee in charge with this explanation at the close: "It's mighty hard to keep a seal-skin wife on a masterful salary."—*New York Sun*.

Decided by Salt.

Legal disputes to Boston are decided in a curious manner. The two litigants are each given a lump of salt of the same size to drop simultaneously into water. The one whose lump first dissolves is deemed to be in the wrong and loses his case.—*Boston Transcript*.

That Made Him Tired.

Bobbie—Don't you feel tired, Mr. Bid? "Yes, Bobbie. Why do you ask?" Bobbie—"Cause ya said he met ya last night and you were carrying a awful load."—*Boston Transcript*.

God gave you that gifted tongue to make known your true meaning to men and not to muffle it in a muffin hat.—*Carlyle*.

A Wonderful Gorge.

Siemone valley, in the southern part of the Yosemite National park, is a great gorge about seven miles long and three-fourths of a mile wide, with a great wall of rock rising from the bottom of the valley almost vertically to a height of about 3000 feet, and in many places are several waterfalls with a vertical drop of from 50 to 300 feet.

Like a Lake of Flame.

One of the most remarkable of the hot springs in the Yellowstone National park is Firehole lake, in which flames seem to appear in the water. These flames are seen from only two points, and should the wind be causing a disturbance of the water the tourist may not see them at all. At the eastern end of this small lake is a circular opening of a deep-seated spring not unlike other vents of thermal waters. Through this vent, which usually stands full of clear, translucent water, numerous bubbles of inflated air and superheated steam rise gradually. Before reaching the surface they rise to form the large mass that in its upward passage strikingly resembles a flame of fire. This continues until the bubbles burst, only to be followed by a repetition of the phenomenon. The explanation is that the slightly agitated water is reflected in the thin film of the seething volatiles of gas. The phenomena are far better seen at Firehole lake than elsewhere, but under favorable conditions they may be seen at other localities, but in a far less striking manner.

Sacred Bangles.

One of the oldest and most curious of existing industries is the making of narrow rings or bracelets, called bangles, from the shells of sacred shells of the Indus. This "cuchi-tukkella pyrura, luna—" is found chiefly at a depth of about two fathoms in the gulf of Mahan, and about 2,000,000 of the shells are exported annually to Calcutta. So important is the bangle of the Hindu women that J. Hornell, representing the Indian government, has specially threatened the industry.

Tracing the early history of cuchi-bangles, Mr. Hornell is unable to assign prehistoric specimens in the Mounds, inscribed to the later stone age, as had been previously done, but believes marks on some of them were made by metal implements. He has found, however, remains of ancient bangle factories scattered over the greater part of India. Bangle cutting is now confined almost entirely to Bengal, and it proves to be in flourishing condition in spite of the growing taste for gold ornaments.

Adversity's Only Sure Bet.

Don't place too much dependence to human nature, but because men in general are distrustworthy, which I do not mean to imply, but because they are human. Promises are often broken of momentary enthusiasm and made with the best intentions of ultimate fulfillment. But things happen, conditions change, and so on; the sentiment of liberality is superseded by one of selfish interest, and pledges made in the best of faith are forgotten.

Everything human is frail and mutable. The nature of a man may change with each new environment, but the coin of the realm has fixed and dependable value. You may fall to cash in on promises, but you can always collect 100 cents on a dollar bill.

That's the reason I say to you that it's all right to have faith in men, but put your implicit trust in cash. It's the only sure bet in the moment of adversity.—Maurice Switzer in *Leslie's*.

Origin of the Argentine Flag.

Mr. Frazer, in telling of the origin of the Argentine flag, says: "The emphatic patriotism of the American is kept alongside the hot-blooded nationality of Argentina. It is fully inculcated in the schools; the blue and white striped flag is honored on every occasion. When the Argentines were in revolution against Bonaparte in 1810 and needed a banner to flout against the red and orange of the enemy they got pieces of blue and white cloth intended for garments from an English warship lying at Montevideo and made a flag of it. So the Argentine flag, like much of Argentine history, is due to Great Britain." Mr. Frazer holds that, in proportion to the population, there are as many millionaires in Argentina as in the United States.—*Westminster Gazette*.

Housemaid Courtesies.

A gaily gowned and garrulous housemaid sat down by an acquaintance on a trolley and at once said: "Hello, Sadies! Where you livin' now?"

"Nowhere," was the reply.

"How's that?"

"I'm married."

"You isn't."

"Sure thing. Look at that!"

She held up her unclasped left hand in triumph, for there on the third finger was a shining new wedding ring.

Starting in it wonder for a moment, the other girl asked: "Well, who got you?"—*Chicago Herald*.

Green Diamonds.

While a real emerald colored diamond is rare, those with a green tinge are quite plentiful. The Museum of Natural history in Paris has several examples of green diamonds, but Dresden has the most famous, and it is one of the five marvels of gems known to the world.

Her Assistant.

The authoress of whom Fillegende Blatter tells had said that she was very busy in her married life.

"I find my husband such a help!" she added fervently.

"Indeed!" said her friend. "Does he cook or write?"

Recognized.

A Pennsylvania lawyer known throughout the state for his sharpness once met his match in a very unexpected quarter.

An old woman was being cross examined by him as to how the testator had looked when he made a remark to her about some relatives.

"I don't remember. He's been dead three years," she answered testily.

"Do you mean to tell me that your memory is so bad that you cannot go back three years?" demanded the attorney.

The witness was silent.

"Did he look anything like me?" the lawyer finally ventured.

"Seems to me he did have the same sort of recent look," responded the old lady.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

ENERGY OF THE SUN.

Intensity of the Light and Heat It Sheds Upon Our Universe.

By a series of curious experiments scientists have gained a full idea of the intensity of light and heat from the sun as compared with earthly instruments.

When the sun is at the zenith, or directly overhead, its light is equal to seventy-five electric lights placed only three feet from the observer. Yet an electric light is too dazzling for any one to gaze steadily at it. And as compared with Sirius, which is the brightest star in the heavens, the light of the sun is 20,000,000 times more brilliant.

The intensity of solar heat on our globe varies greatly, in a way that surprises, for the sun does not, the former being affected by location, altitude, changes of the atmosphere and many causes.

It has been estimated, however, that the total quantity of heat which the earth receives from the sun each year is enough to melt a layer of ice covering the entire globe and having a thickness of a hundred feet.

But this is only a very small portion of the whole amount of heat given out by the sun. The total solar heat is enough to melt every day a layer of ice ten and one-half miles thick, about the entire globe, or, to take Professor Tyndall's comparison, the sun's heat emitted in one hour is equal to that produced by burning a team of coal sixteen and one-half miles thick.—*Philadelphian Inquirer*.

CONCEITED JAILBIRDS.

To Have Been in Prison Is a Mark of Culture in Nigeria.

In the land of the Niger, says Mr. P. Amhurst Toller in the *London Times*, little or no stigma attaches to jailbirds.

In fact, prison residence is often regarded as conferring the mark of culture and distinction. The last governor of Southern Nigeria once complimented a chief of the interior on his knowledge of English, to which the man replied with a proud air: "Of course I be fit to talk English mouth! I learn' all that when I live long time for prison."

Such residence is indeed looked upon as giving a sort of official status. At Calabar some prisoners were out cleaning the roads when a clerk, dressed in the height of fashion, high collar, patent leather boots and the aristocrat of suits, went by. In passing he flicked one of the bending laborers with his cane, and the waggish one he was carrying. At once the aged party sprang erect. "What!" he exclaimed, with splendid contempt. "You dare touch me! You factory until Look at me!"

He was pointed to the broad arrows prominently displayed over his simple vest and loin cloth. "I be government man! See here!"

And the dandy passed on thoroughly abashed.

The Failest Race.

How is it that the horses on a race are fat? Professor Lyde states that "from one end of Denmark to the other you will not find a really thin man!" And he gives rather a quaint reason for it: "The growth of dairy farming in Denmark is due to the fact that the milk is so fat that they will not take the trouble to cut up their food!"

And then comes this delightful conclusion: "This state of things has produced a nation of housewives who eat all others in varieties of sandwiches, which can be munched all day long." And this is produced the fattest race in Europe, and we get a hint for a real race course.—*London Globe*.

Treating a Corn.

Whether a corn is treated at home or by a chiropodist, the treatment is the same. It consists of applying to the surface an acid (the most commonly used being salicylic acid mixed with colophony and ether). The ether evaporates, leaving a layer of colophony to hold the acid while this does its work.

After applying this regularly for four or five days the foot is soaked in hot water, when the corn can be picked out in one piece, leaving a hole, which quickly fills up. Some chiropodists cut the corn out by repeated applications of nitric acid, picking away the parts of the corn destroyed at each treatment.

Every time you cut a corn yourself you run the risk of blood poisoning.

—*New York Standard*.

Nothing Doing.

A little four-year-old, a most attractive little girl, suddenly lost interest in Sunday school. She had enjoyed so much learning about Moses that her mother could not understand the change of attitude.

"Why don't you want to go, naughty?" she asked.

"Oh," was the astonishing reply. "I don't like to go to Sunday school since Moses died!"—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Her Tell-tale Lips.

"You have been kissing another man."

"You have no right to say that," declared the girl.

"Then I withdraw it. But I preferred to believe that than to think you had been chewing tobacco."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Better to Admire.

It is better to admonish than to reprove, for the one is mild and friendly, the other harsh and offensive. The one corrects the faulty; the other only convicts them.—*Epictetus*.

Waiting the Heart of Anger.

Is thy friend angry with thee? Then provide him an opportunity of showing thee a great favor. Over that his heart must needs melt, and he will love thee again.—*Richter*.

The witness was silent.

"Did he look anything like me?" the lawyer finally ventured.

"Seems to me he did have the same sort of recent look," responded the old lady.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

—*London Daily Mail*.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Name and date must be given. 2. The full name and date of the writer must be given. 3. Tickethall quotes as best he can with dates. 4. Writings must be given with date of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to editors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and designated to "Editor." 7. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Room, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1914.

NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology, by John Barber Esq. Taken from manuscript of Mr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society. E. M. T. Continued.

1640. Hutchinson, Wm. Assistant.

1642. Hutchinson, Wm. died at

Portsmouth, his widow, the celebrated Ann removed to Long Island, where

herself & her whole family were devoured by Indians.

1647. Holden, Randall, Assistant

under New Charter.

1651. Holmes, Obadiah, whipped,

in Mass. for Non-Compliance.

1652. Holmes, Obadiah, Cappellated Pastor, 1st Baptist Church, New-

port.

1657. Harris, Wm. inaugurates the

doctrine of the higher Power.

1675. Hutchinson, Capt. Edward

jun. killed in battle with Nipmuchs, at

Brookfield Aug. 2.

1682. Holmes, Rev'd Obadiah, died,

Oct. 15, ag. 70 yrs.

1690. Holmes, John, Treasurer.

1698. Holloman, James, Liceneed to

practice Physicks & Chirurgery.

1700. Hopkins, Rev'd John, Pastor

2d Baptist Church, Newport, died.

1704. Honeyman, Rev'd James mis-

sionary to R. I. by Soc. for prop'g Gos-

pel for life.

1705. Halsey, Capt. of Privateer

Brig. Charles brought Spanish prize in-

to Newport. Judged Nath'l. Ryed Sus-

pended Decree, the assembly resolved

that he had authority.

1734. Harris, George, Deputy Gov'r

to 1738.

1737. Honeyman, James, At'ty

General.

1744. Helyer, Rev'd Jonathan,

ordered Deacons of 1st Congregational

Church, with Rev'd Nath'l. Clapp.

He died May 27, 1745.

1745. Hooper, Rev'd Henry jun.

died Oct. 15, ag 29 yrs.

1745. Highway, from Town Beach

to Sachuest, laid out.

1750. Hazard, Robert, Dep. Gov'r.

1750. Hingham, Capt. John, com-

manded a brig, which came in this year,

at Boston's Beach, without a crew who

were never heard of after. She be-

longed to Isaac Steele of Newport, &

was sold to Henry Collins, who changed

her name to Beach Bird.

1750. Honeyman, Rev'd James mis-

sionary to Trinity Church, died.

To be continued.

Queries.

1729. READ, GOODWIN—Joseph Stacy

Read of Cambridge married, Sept.

1729. Esther Goodwin of Plymouth.

Who was she?—W. W. N. Y.

1730. PRATT, FAY—Joshua (1) Pratt

of Plymouth is said to have married,

about 1630. Bathsheba Fay. Is this

true and if so, who was she?—W. W.

N. Y.

1731. BRADY, BARNETT—John (3)

Brigdon (Thomas 2, 1) of Charlestown

married, 1681. Sarah Barrett. Who

was she? Their children were Zeph-

iah, John and Sarah.—W. W. N. Y.

1732. PATERSON. Is anything known

of the family to which Hannah Palmer

belonged, who was married in 1711 to

Captain William Towner of North

Kingstown, R. I.? She died 1725.—

J. R. B. S.

1733. SWEET.—Who was the wife

of James Sweet of Rhode Island (prob-

ably North Kingstown), born 1651, died

1728? His daughter Ann married Ben-

jamin Towner.—J. R. B. S.

1734. HEMERWAT.—What was the

maiden name and parentage of Mary,

second wife of Joshua (2) (Rasp) II

Hemerwat and when were they mar-

ried?—L. M. H.

1735. STODDARD.—Can anyone fami-

liar with Tiverton families give the

parentage of Bathsheba Stoddard, who

was born April 6, 1713?—E. J. C. R.

1736. HANTRY, BARNETT—Maire,

daughter of Thomas Hantry of Tiverton,

married, March 8, 1737-88. Jason

Barnett. When was she born, and what

was her mother's name?—E. J. C. R.

PORTSMOUTH.

From our regular Correspondent.

At a meeting of the past-Nobles

Grads. of the Daughters of Rebekah,

held at Warren last Tuesday Mrs. Frank

L. Tidman of this town and quite a

number from Newport were in atten-

dance. Mrs. Dunbar of Newport re-

turned with Mrs. Tidman and remained

until Wednesday morning.

Mrs. David B. Anthony entertained a

party of children Wednesday afternoon,

10 being present and eight adults. The

table was prettily decorated and was

set on the lawn. Sandwiches, cake and

ice cream were served and games were

played.

Mrs. Eliza Eager of Providence has

been guest of Mr. and Mrs. Perry S.

Randall.

Mrs. Sarah G. White who has been

spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs.

David Miller of West Dennis, Mass.,

has returned home.

Mr. Frank L. Tidman has returned

from the Fair at Rockingham, N. H.

His son, Nelson drove in the Races

in the name "Boatmen" which he bought

at the sale of the William H. Miller

Stock winning third money.

Boosey Lefevre who was burned out

about two weeks ago has rented the lower

rooms on the farm owned by the

Heirs of the late Mary E. Austin on the

West Main Road.

Robert Lefevre who was burned out

about two weeks ago has rented the lower

rooms on the farm owned by the

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